

Some notes on drawing and reading in the form of a common place book

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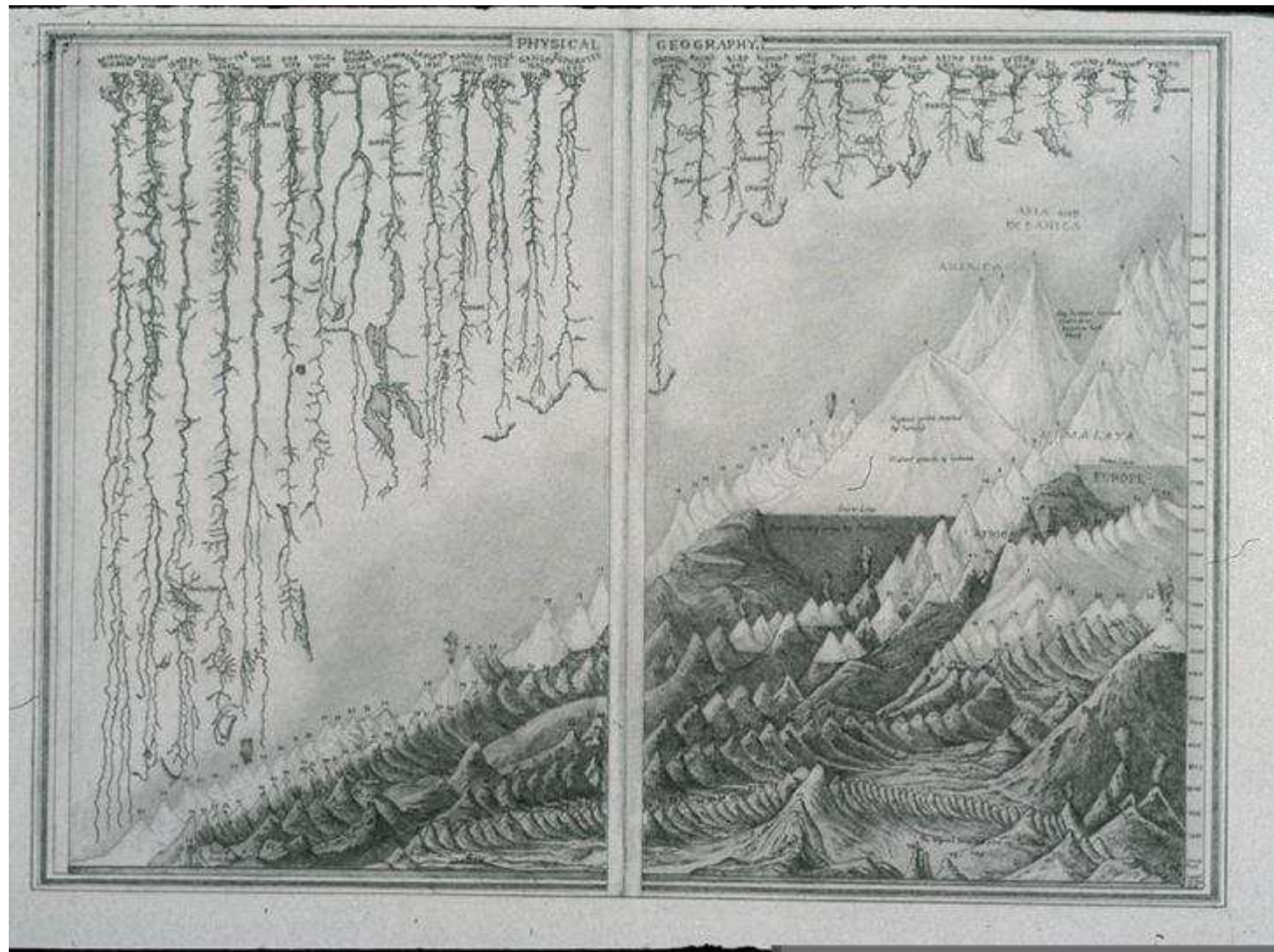
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Penny McCarthy

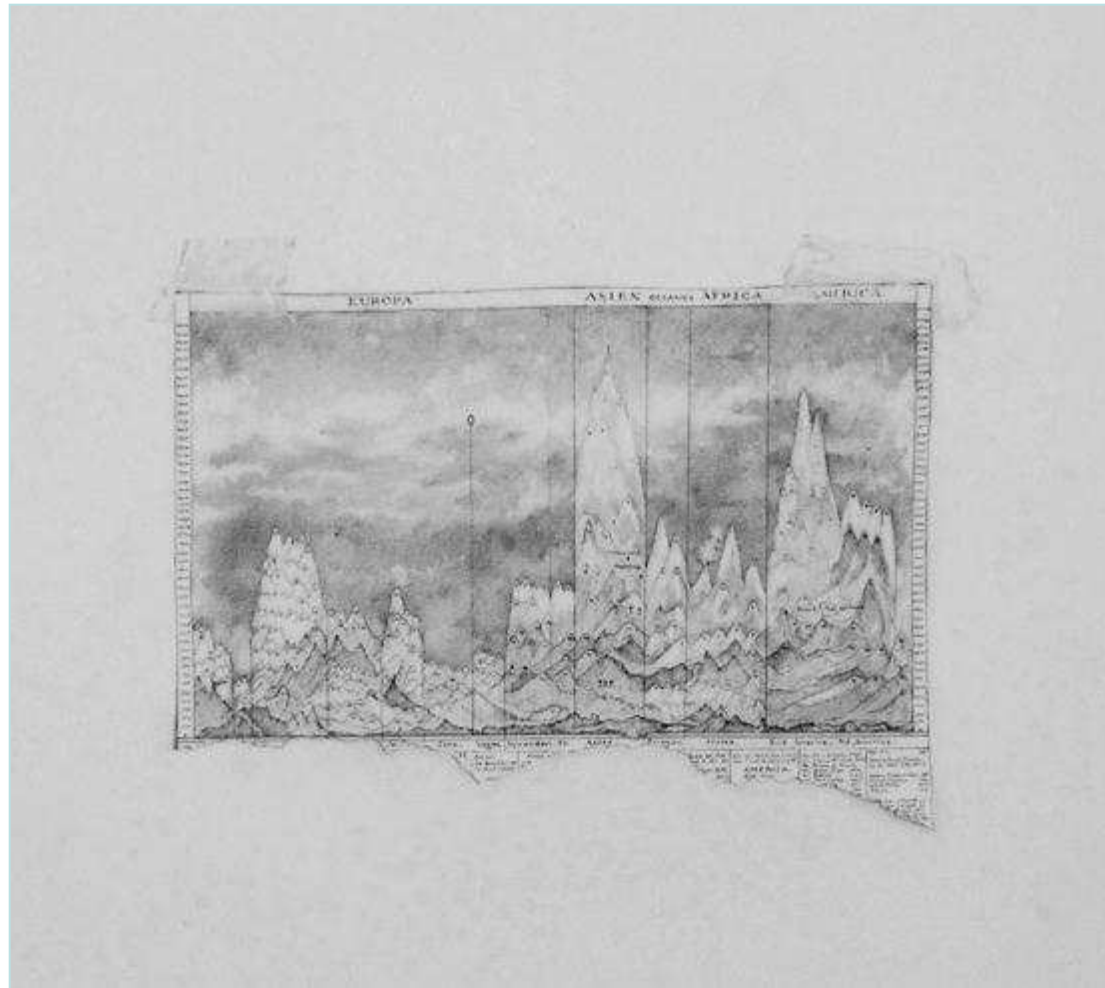
some notes on drawing and reading

*this world dense with writing
that surrounds us on all sides*

Italo Calvino, *If on a Winters Night a Traveller*
(London, Secker and Warburg), 1981, p.43



1. Geography Book
pencil on paper



2. Important Mountains

pencil on paper

animals are divided into: (a) belonging to the Emperor, (b) embalmed, (c) tame, (d) sucking pigs, (e) sirens, (f) fabulous, (g) stray dogs, (h) included in the present classification, (i) frenzied, (j) innumerable, (k) drawn with a very fine camelhair brush, (l) et cetera, (m) having just broken the water pitcher, (n) that from a long way off look like flies.

Jorges Luis Borges, *John Wilkins' Analytical Language*, in *Selected Non Fictions* (ed. Eliot Weinberger), (New York, Viking) 1999, p.231



3. Lullaby Constellation (for Walter Benjamin)
wall drawing, South London Gallery

STRUCTURE FOR D.N.A.

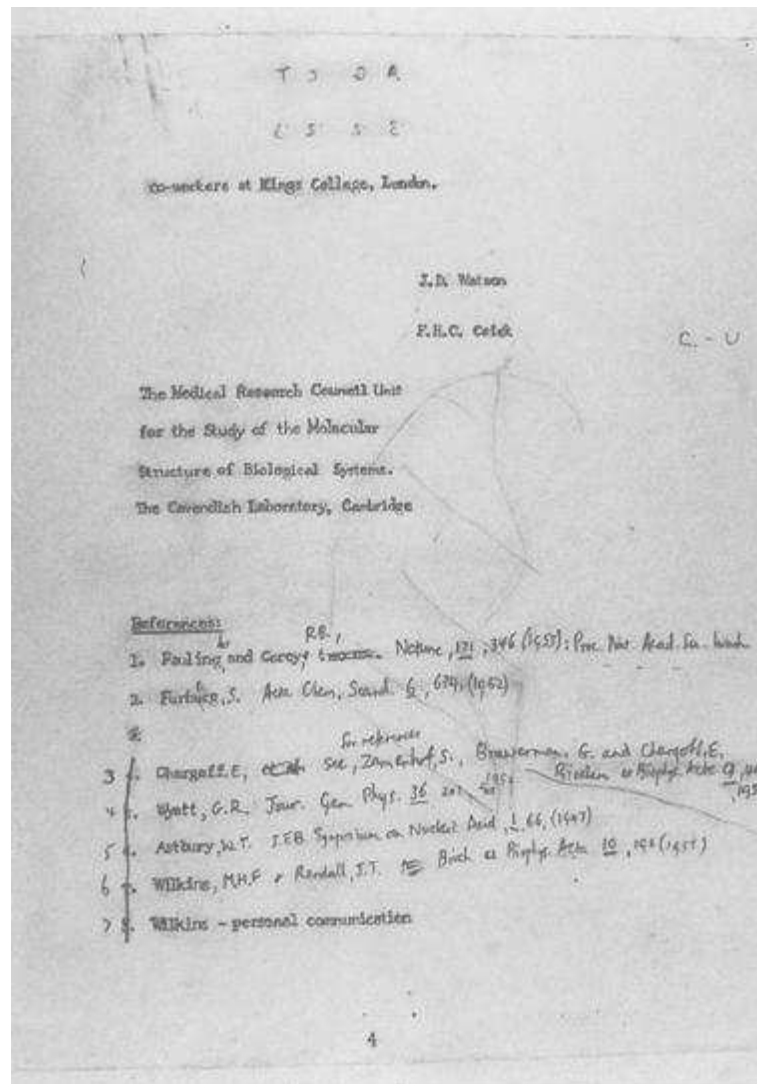
Pauling and Corey have recently proposed a structure for nucleic acid. They were kind enough to make their manuscript available to us in advance of publication. In our opinion their structure is unsatisfactory for two reasons:

1. ^{We believe that the} The material which gives the X-ray diagram is the salt, not the acid. ^{free} ^{without} ^{acidic} ^{it is not clear what} the absence of the hydrogen atoms ^{there} ^{is nothing to hold the} structure together.
2. Some of the Van Der Waals distances appear to be too small.

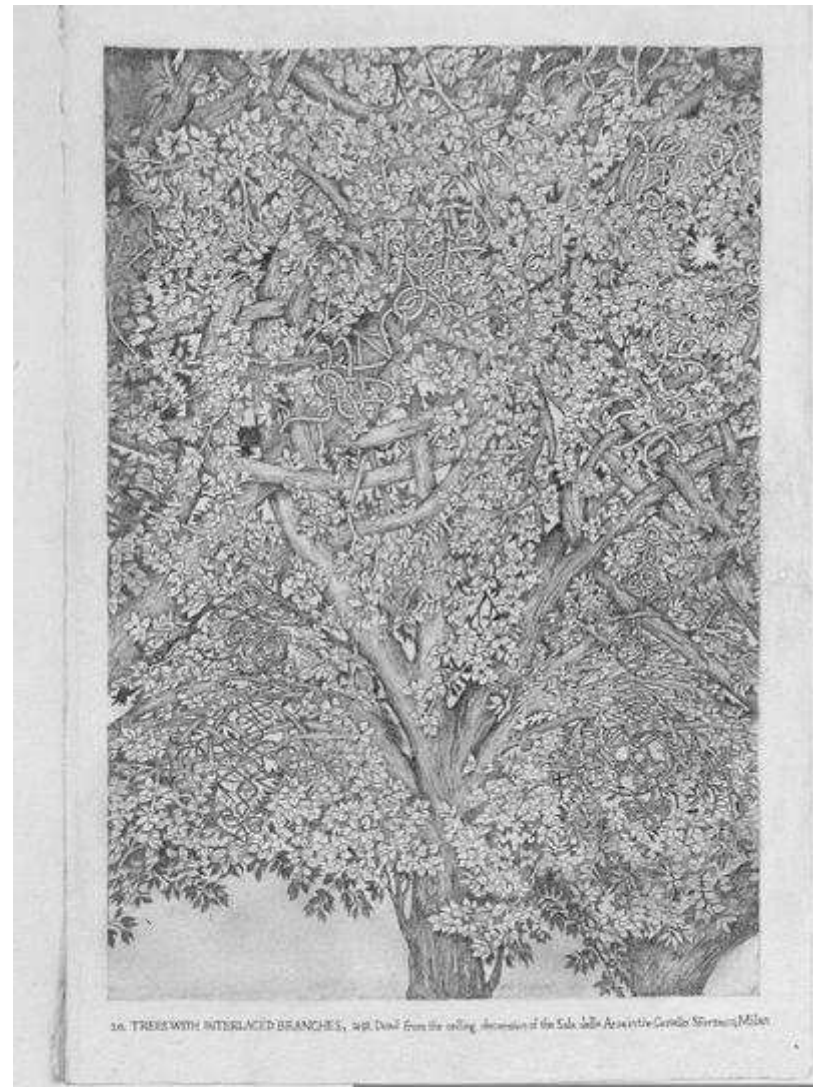
We wish to put forward a radically different structure for the salt of deoxyribose nucleic acid (D.N.A.). This structure has two helical chains each coiled round the ~~same~~ ^{same} axis. The two chains (but not their bases) are related by a dyad perpendicular to this axis. Both chains follow righthanded helices, but owing to the dyad the sequences of the atoms in the two chains run in opposite directions. Each chain loosely resembles Furberg's model No. 1; that is, the bases are on the inside of the helix and the phosphates on the outside. ^(what are) There is a residue on each chain every 3.4 Å in the Z direction. We have ^{assumed} ^{on the same axis, so that the bases repeat after 10 residues} imposed an angle of 36° between adjacent residues on each chain, that is, after 34 Å. One would expect therefore that this structure would be formed when the water content is high. The distance of a phosphorus atom from the fibre axis is 10 Å. The structure is open so that the bases will be bathed in water. All the phosphates are on the outside chains have easy access to bases.

4. First Draft (First Page)

pencil on paper



4.First Draft (Last Page)
detail, one section of six, *pencil on paper*



6. Art History Book

pencil on paper

July 28, 1999.

There has, however, been no change in the way the money is applied. In practice, it stays in the bank to wait for a pension.

These brave men, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, know that there is no hope for their recovery. But they also know that there is hope for mankind in this sacrifice.

There are many ways to begin this work. It is important to have goals for the search for truth and understanding.

They will be sustained by their families and friends; they will be sustained by their nation; they will be sustained by the people of the world; they will be sustained by Mother Earth that shared seed and soil of her sons and her children.

In their aspirations they allowed the people of the world to feel as one in their struggles, they kindled brightly the torch of brotherhood of man.

In ancient days, you looked at stars and saw their beauty in the constellations. In modern times, we discuss the same, but our hearts are split over of Earth and Mars.

China will follow, and surely find their way home. Stalin's words will not be denied. But their own were the first, and they will remain the foremost in our hearts.

For every human being who looks up at the stars in the night to seek still, know that there is some person or persons—would that be *anyone*—somewhere.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT

THE PRESIDENT SHOULD EMPHASIZE EACH OF THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT, AS THE POINT WHEN NEAR
EACH CONVERSATION WITH THE MEDIA.

A Congress should adopt the same procedure as a board of men, commanding their souls to "the depths of the deep," consulting with the Lord's Presence.

7. Lost in Space Scenarios

pencil on paper

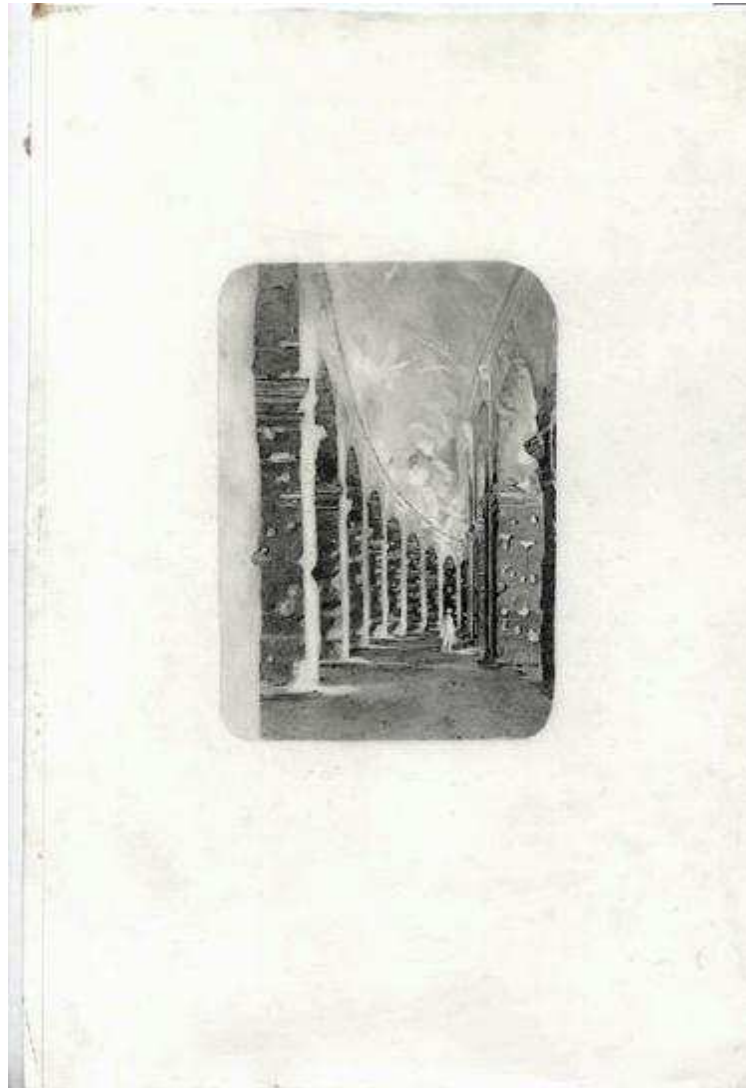
Table 2
Average Radiation Doses of the Eight
Crews for the Apollo Missions

Apollo Mission	Skin Dose, rads
7	0.16
8	.16
9	.20
10	.46
11	.18
12	.56
13	.24
14	1.14
15	.30
16	.52
17	.50

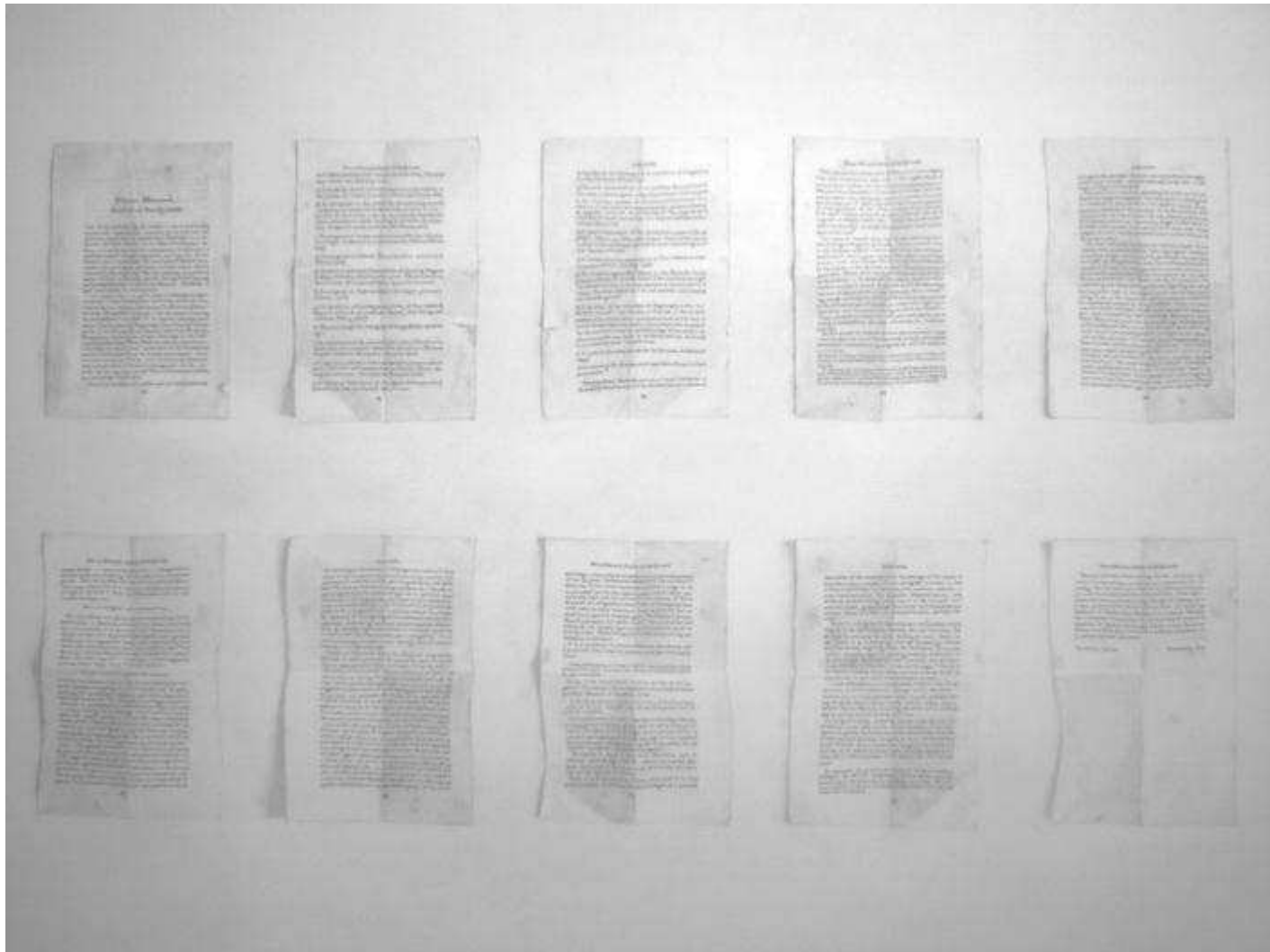
8. Astronaut's Radiation Exposure Chart (Apollo 13)
pencil on paper



9. Hades, California
print



10. Colosseum
pencil on paper



11. Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote
pencil on paper

Pierre Menard,
Author of the Quixote

THE visible work left by this novelist is easily and briefly enumerated. Insuperable, therefore, are the omissions and additions perpetrated by Molise Henri Batcheller in a fallacious catalogue which a certain daily, whose Protestant tendency is no secret, has had the inconsideration to inflict upon its deplorable readers - though these be few and Cabalist, if not Masonic and circumcised. The true friends of Menard have viewed this catalogue with alarm and even with a certain melancholy. One might say that only yesterday we gathered before his final monument, amidst the lugubrious cypress and already Error has to tarnish his Memory. ... Decidedly, a brief rectification is unavoidable.

I am aware that it is quite easy to challenge my slight authority. I hope, however, that I shall not be prohibited from mentioning two eminent testimonies. The Baroness de Bacourt (to whose unforgettable serenade I had the honour of meeting the lamented poet) has seen fit to approve the pages which follow. The Countess de Stagnuregia, one of the most delicate spirits of the Principality of Monaco (and now at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, following her recent marriage to the international philanthropist Simon Keytzeish, who has been so inconsiderately slandered, alas! by the victims of his disinterested manipulations) has sacrificed 'to veracity and to death' (such were her words) the stately reserve which is her distinction, and in an open letter published in the magazine *Luxe*, concedes me her approval as well. These authorizations, I think, are not entirely insufficient.

I have said that Menard's visible work can be easily enumer-

Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote

ated. Having examined with care his personal files, I find that they contain the following items:

- a) A Symbolist sonnet which appeared twice (with variants) in the review *La langue* (issues of March and October 1900).
- b) A monograph on the possibility of constructing a poetic vocabulary of concepts which would not be synonyms or periphrases of those which make up our everyday language, but rather ideal objects created according to convention and essentially designed to satisfy poetic needs (Nîmes, 1901).
- c) A monograph on 'certain connections or affinities' between the thought of Descartes, Leibniz and John Wilkins (Nîmes, 1903).
- d) A monograph on Leibniz's *Characteristica universalis* (Nîmes, 1904).
- e) A technical article on the possibility of improving the game of chess, eliminating one of the rook's pawns. Menard proposes, *retourner*, discusses and finally rejects this innovation.
- f) A monograph on Raymond Lully's *Art magica generalis* (Nîmes, 1906).
- g) A translation, with prologue and notes, of Roy López de Segura's *Libro de la invención liberal y arte del juego del axedrez* (Paris, 1907).
- h) The work sheets of a monograph on George Boole's symbolic logic.
- i) An examination of the essential metric laws of French prose, illustrated with examples taken from Saint-Simon (*Revue des langues romanes*, Montpellier, October 1909).
- j) A reply to Luc Durtain (who had denied the existence of such laws), illustrated with examples from Luc Durtain (*Revue des langues romanes*, Montpellier, December 1909).
- k) A manuscript translation of the *Agenda de noucent* of Quixote, entitled *Le bouvier des poeteux*.

Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote (detail)

Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote

This, then, is the visible work of Menard, in chronological order (with no omission other than a few vague scraps of circumstance written for the hospitable or avid sinner of Madame Henri Bachelier). I turn now to his later work: the *Quixote*, the interminably barren, the perfect. And such are the capacities of mind — the unfinished. This work, perhaps the most significant of our time, consists of the ninth and thirty-eight chapters of the first part of *Don Quixote* and a fragment of chapter twenty-two. I know such infinitesimal seems an absurdity: to justify this absurdity is the principal object of this note.*

The texts of unequal value inspired this undertaking. One, that philologist fragment by Navas — the one numbered 2005 in the Dresden edition — which outlines the theme of a fatal identification with a given author. The other is one of those paranoiac books which situate Christ on a boulevard. Hamlet in *La Comedienne* or *Don Quixote* on Wall Street. *Alas*, men of good taste: Menard started these useless manuals, fit only — as he would say — to produce the plebeian pleasure of an astonishment or (what is worse) to enthrall us with the elementary idea that all epochs are the same different. More interesting, though contradictory and superficial of execution, seemed to him the famous plan of Daudet: to conjoin the ingenious Quixote and his tutor in one figure which was *Bartholomae*. Those who have insinuated that Menard dedicated his life to writing a contemporary *Quixote* calumniate his illustrious memory.

He did not want to compose another *Quixote* — which is easy — but the *Quixote* itself. Needless to say he never contemplated a mechanical transcription of the original; he did not propose

St Francis of Sales. There are no traces of such a work in Menard's library. It must have been a jest of our friend, misunderstood, by the lady.

41. Also had the secondary intention of sketching a personal portrait of Pierre Menard. But how could I dare to undertake with the golden pages which I am told the *Bartholomae* de Bachelier is passing or with the delicate and punctual pencil of Cervantes himself?

Labyrinth

to copy it. His admirable intention was to produce a few pages which would coincide — word for word and line for line — with those of Miguel de Cervantes.

My intent is no more than astonishing, he wrote me the 30 September 1934, from Bayonne. The final term in a theological or metaphysical demonstration — the objective world, God, causality, the forms of the universe — is no less precious and common than my famed novel. The only difference is that the philosophers publish the intermediary stages of their labor in pleasant volumes and I have resolved to do only, with those stages. In truth, not one workman remains to have witness to his years of effort.

The first method he conceived was relatively simple. Know Spanish well, recover the Catholic faith, fight against the Moors or the Turk, forget the history of Europe between the years 1600 and 1918. *Se*, Miguel de Cervantes. Pierre Menard studied this procedure. (I know he attained a fairly accurate command of seventeenth-century Spanish) but discarded it as too easy. Rather as impossible, my reader will say. Granted, but the undertaking was impossible from the very beginning and of all the impossible ways of carrying it out, this was the least interesting. To be, in the seventeenth century a popular novelist of the *aventures* seemed to him a diminution. To be, in some way, Cervantes and reach the *Quixote* seemed less arduous to him — and, consequently, less interesting. That is to say, being Pierre Menard and reach the *Quixote* through the experiences of Pierre Menard. (This conviction, which might say in passing, made him omit the autobiographical prologue to the second edit of *Don Quixote*. To include that prologue would have been to create another character — Cervantes — but it would also have meant presenting the *Quixote* in terms of that character and not of Menard. The latter, naturally, declined that facility.) My undertaking is not difficult, essentially, I read in another part of his letter. "It should only have to be immortal to carry it out." Shall I confess that I often imagine he did finish it and that I read the *Quixote* — as of it — as if Menard had conceived it? Some nights, while leading through

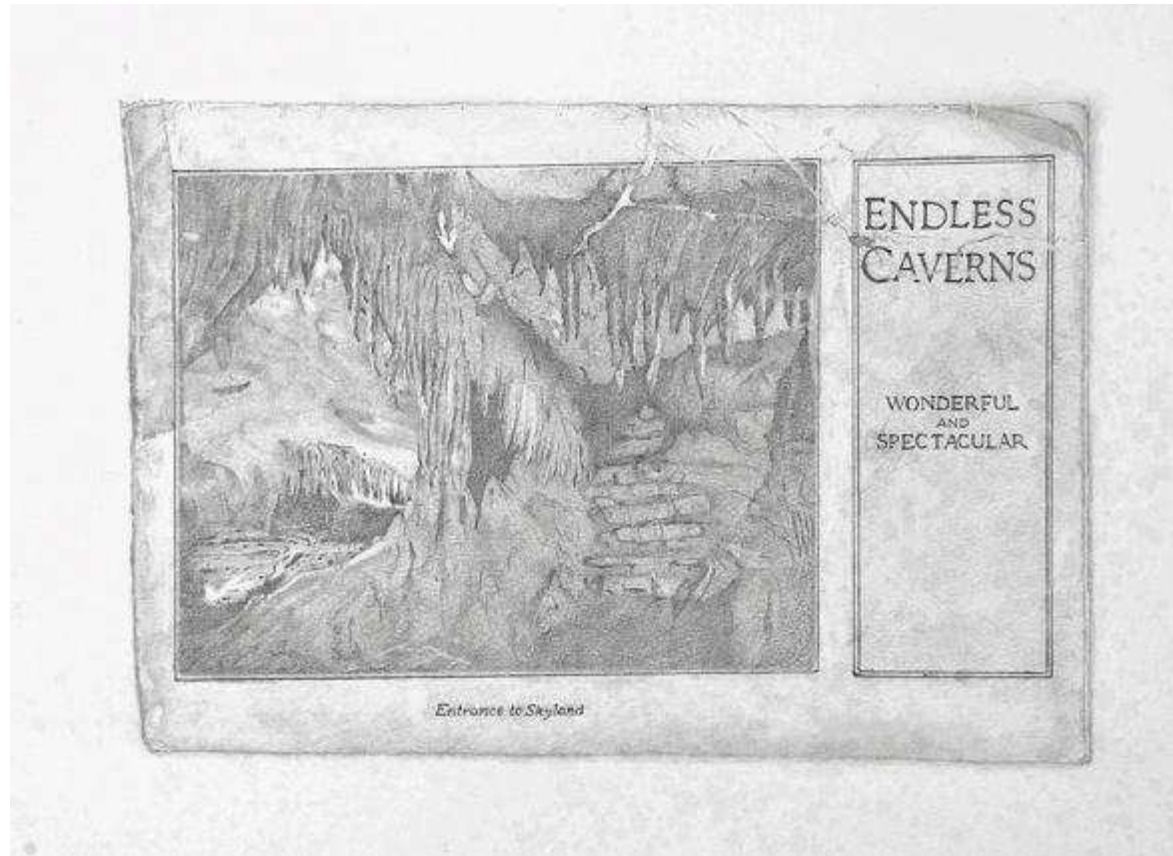
Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote (detail)

The Garden of Forking Paths

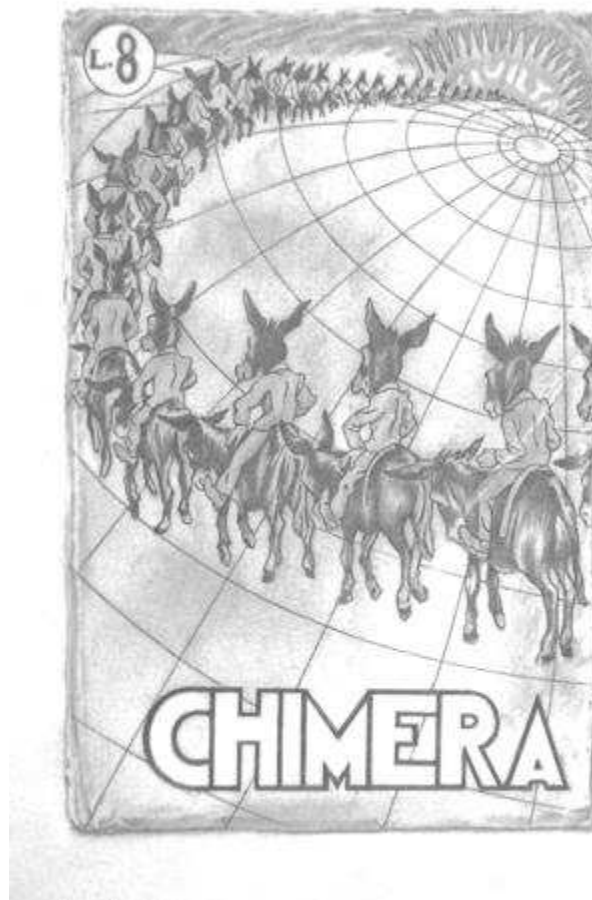
and who renounced worldly power in order to write a novel that might be even more populous than the *Hong Lu Meng*. And to construct a labyrinth in which all men would become lost. Thirteen years he dedicated to these heterogeneous tasks, but the hand of a stranger murdered him – and his novel was incoherent and no one found the labyrinth. Beneath English trees I meditated on that lost maze: I imagined it inviolate and perfect at the secret crest of a mountain; I imagined it erased by rice fields or beneath water; I imagined it infinite, no longer composed of octagonal kiosks and returning paths, but of rivers and provinces and kingdoms.... I thought of a labyrinth of labyrinths, of one sinuous spreading labyrinth that would encompass the past and the future and in some way involve the stars. Absorbed in these illusory images, I forgot my destiny of one pursued. I felt myself to be, for an unknown period of time, an abstract perceiver of the world. The vague, living countryside, the moon, the remains of the day worked on me as well as the slope of the road which eliminated any possibility of weariness. The afternoon was intimate, infinite. The road descended and forked among the now confused meadows. A high pitched, almost syllabic music approached and receded in the shifting of the wind, dimmed by leaves and distance. I thought that a man can be an enemy of other men of the moments of other men, but not of a country: not of fireflies, words, gardens, streams of water, sunsets. Thus I arrived before a tall, rusty gate. Between the iron bars I made out a poplar grove and a pavilion. I understood suddenly two things, the first trivial, the second almost unbelievable: the music came from the pavilion, and the music was Chinese. For precisely that reason I had openly accepted it without paying it any heed. I do not remember whether there was a bell or whether I knocked with my hand. The sparkling of the music continued.

From the rear of the house within a lantern approached: a lantern that the trees sometimes striped and sometimes eclipsed, a paper lantern that had the form of a drum and the colour of the moon. A tall man bore it. I didn't see his face

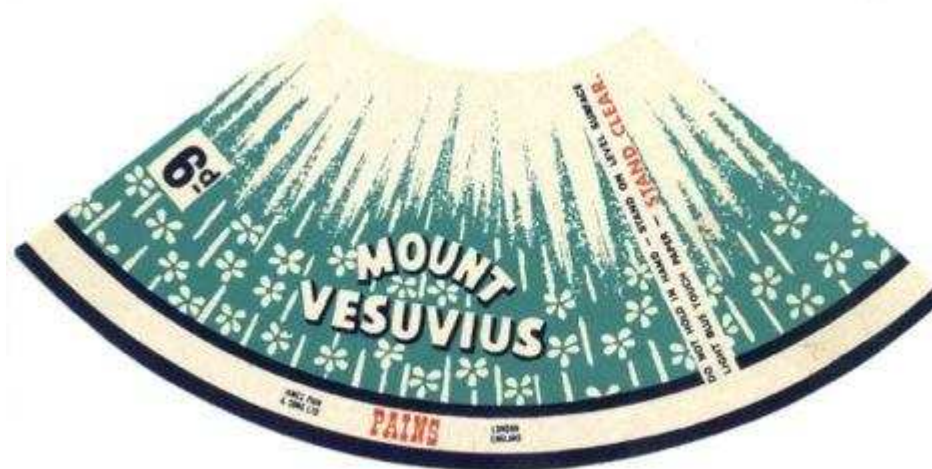
12. Labyrinth *pencil on paper*



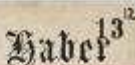
13. Endless Caverns
pencil on paper



14. Chimera
pencil on paper

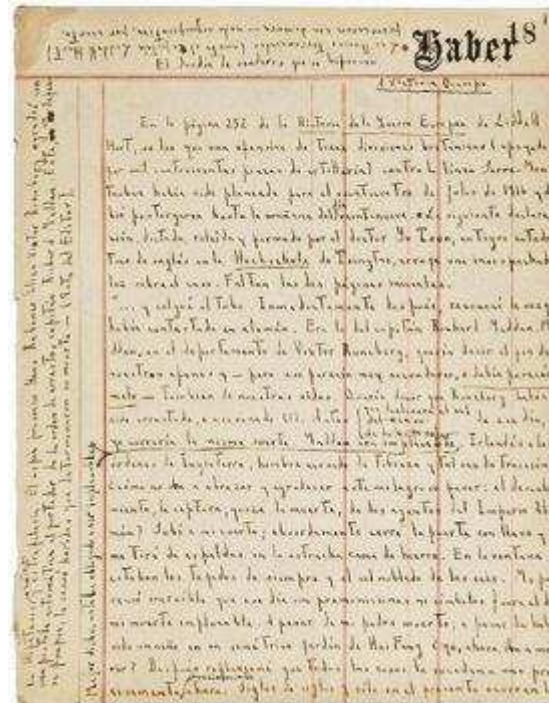


15. Vesuvius
paint on paper

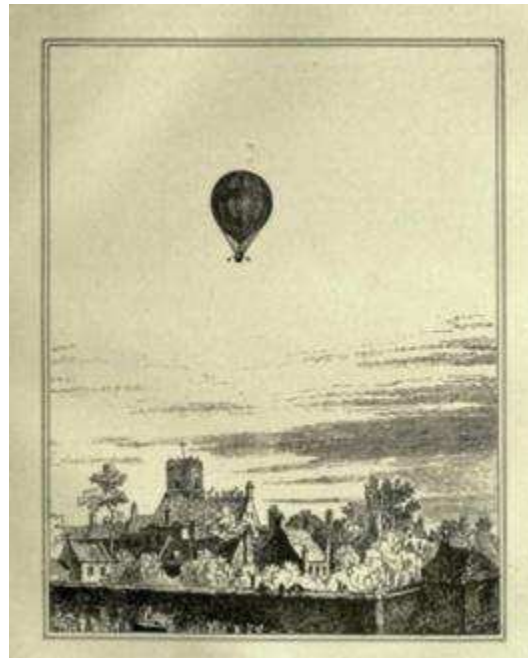


16. Babel 13 (The Garden of Forking Paths)

Fake/Copy



Babel 18 (The Garden of Forking Paths)
Fake/Copy



17. Balloon (observation effect)



18. Pearl Diver
pencil on paper



No index entries found. Fog (Venice)



19. The Odyssey (Penelope section, final page)
pencil on paper



20. Ulysses (final page)
pencil on paper

On Exactitude in Science

...In that Empire, the Art of Cartography attained such Perfection that the map of a single Province occupied the entirety of a City, and the map of the Empire, the entirety of a Province. In time, those Unconscionable Maps no longer satisfied, and the Cartographers Guilds struck a Map of the Empire whose size was that of the Empire, and which coincided point for point with it. The following Generations, who were not so fond of the Study of Cartography as their Forebears had been, saw that that vast Map was Useless, and not without some Pitilessness was it, that they delivered it up to the Inclemencies of Sun and Winters. In the Deserts of the West, still today, there are Tattered Ruins of that Map, inhabited by Animals and Beggars; in all the Land there is no other Relic of the Disciplines of Geography.

Jorge Luis Borges, *Collected Fictions*, translated by Andrew Hurley.

Final Page

